A DAY'S SPORT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

It is the morning of a hunting day. The guides are up and stirring before it is fairly light, and the sun has not risen above the tree-tops when Raut's bald head appears between the tent flaps, and he reminds us of our solemn promise to make an early start. The air is eager and nipping, and we hurry to get dressed, putting on an extra coat, and sitting down with a little shiver to a breakfast of steaming coffee and venison steak and potatoes. Steve is already starting into the woods with the hounds. He fastens their chains to his belt, and sets off with a long, swinging stride, following no path, but making for a certain ridge far back in the forest, where he hopes to find a stag or two not yet awakend from their morning nap. It will be a hard tramp, through swamps and thickets, jungle of underbrush and tangles of fallen wood, with the dogs pulling and tugging at his belt, and nosing the ground impatiently for scent. After an hour or two, if he finds a fresh track, he will let one of them loose, and then go on to start a second, and, if he can, a third. The dogs are noble creatures two of them thorough hounds with long hanging ears, and the other a rough Scotch dog, with the keenness and pertinacity that belong to his race. They will follow the track with untiring vigor, crawling through the densest slash of burned and fallen timber, rushing along the more open hard-wood ridges, threading the tangled alder thickets, dashing through marshes, swimming narrow streams, until at last the deer crosses some runway where a hunter stands, or takes some larger water, and is captured or escapes. Then, if there be no one there to take the dog in, he turns and follows his track back until he comes to the camp, and creeps in, wet and hungry and tired, to lie down by the fire, and wait for his master to feed him.

In the mean time we have finished our preparations, and are pushing out in our boats to take possession of the watch grounds The light mist of the morning is curling up in fantastic shapes from the water, and the air is yet unwarmed by the sun, as we turn away each to his appointed station—one on a little pond some three miles up a winding stream, another on an island at the head of the lake, another down at Red Island, and Peter alone, for he is a ready oarsman, has charge of the island in front of the camp. It is tiresome work watching alone, for your eyes must be strained to catch the first sight of the deer as he enters the water, or moves, visible only as a black spot, across the surface. Fancy often plays you tricks, so that a floating piece of wood, or a loon swimming across some distant bay, seems to be a deer's head, and you set out in pursuit, and almost break your back, until you discover your mistake.

But if you have a good guide with you, you may leave the larger part of the watching to his sharp eyes, and find a shady place, amuse yourself with a book, or watch the ants crawling through the grass forest, or lie and dream, letting your thoughts wander lazily along the curving shores and among the drifting clouds. Presently there comes a faint sound, very different from those constant noises of the woods and waters to which you have been listening. Reub straightens himself on the projecting limb of the dead pine where he is sitting. Hark! A faint note of a hound's voice coming over the trees. It is Jack. He is running. Now the chase is coming toward us. You can hear the sharp ringing bark distinctly. How eagerly he runs! There is a moment of silence. He is puzzled, or is struggling with some difficulty. Now the cry rings out again in quick, clear notes. The wind sweeps it away, and then brings it back with new power. It grows fainter and fainter. He is passing around some hill or ridge in the forest. He is turning away. No, here he comes again, clearer and louder than ever! He is making for the lake. But what is this? The music ceases. Then it begins more slowly. The deer has made a turn, and is swinging away for Stony Pond. Jack follows him, and his voice grows fainter, and then is lost as he passes back into the forest. We are disappointed.

We look down the lake again. Suddenly Peter's boat puts out from the island where he is watching. He is pulling for dear life. He must see something. We will go down. Reub's sinewy arms make the oars bend, and the boat flies through the water. Do you see that dark spot moving out from the shore? It is a deer, a buck, a noble head. Peter is still a little in advance of us. But the deer swims fast. Will he get away? Peter pulls bravely, and at last his boat shoots between the stag and the point for which he was making. The great head, with its branching horns, turns out into the lake. Steady now, for the boat is dancing, and the stag is almost springing from the water. We must not spoil the antlers. A ball just below the ear. The rifle-crack rings sharp, and the buck is ours.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sickness a Disgrace.

All bodily ailments are more or less urgent appeals for help; nor can we doubt in what that help should consist. The more fully we understand the nature of any disease, the more clearly we see that the discovery of the cause means the discovery of the cure. Many sicknesses are caused by poisons, foisted upon the system under the name of tonic beverages or remedial drugs; the only cure is to eschew the poison. Others, by habits more or less at variance with the health laws of Nature; to cure such we have to reform our habits. There is nothing accidental, and rarely anything enevitable, about the disease; we can safely assume that nine out of ten complaints have been caused and can be cured by the sufferers (or their nurses) themselves. "God made man upright;" every prostrating malady is a deviation from the state of Nature. The infant, "mewling and puking in its nurse's arms," is an abnormal phenomenon. Infancy should be a period of exceptional health; the young of other creatures are healthier, as well as prettier, purer, and merrier, than adults, yet the childhood years of the human animal are the years of sorest sickliness, statistics show that among the Caucasian races men of thirty have more hope to reach a good old age than a new-born child has to reach the end of its second year. The reason is this: the health theories of the average Christian man and woman are so egregiously wrong, that only opposition of their better instincts helps them—against their conscience, as it were—to maintain the struggle for a tolerable existence with anything like success, while the helpless infant has to conform to those theories—with the above results.

"I have long ceased to doubt," says Dr. Schrodt, "that, apart from the effects of wounds, the chances of health or disease are in our own hands, and, if people knew only half the facts pointing that way, they would feel *ashamed* to be sick, or to have sick children." —*Popular Science Monthly.*